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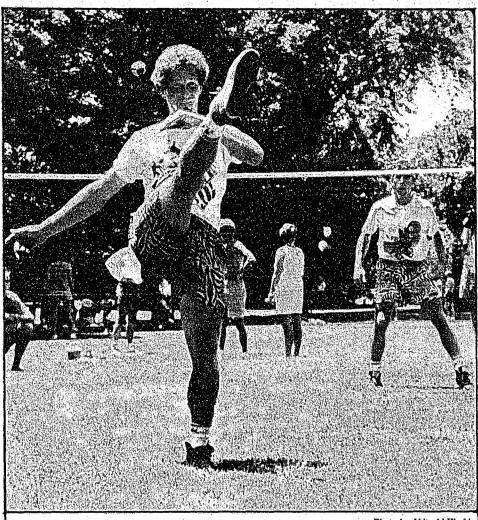


Photo by Akitoshi Kizaki

Footbag Fanatics

Hacky sack and frisbee enthusiasts from across the country participated in the Official Hacky Sack/Frisbee Festival in Elmwood Park Saturday. More than 200 people took part in the competition, which travels from city to city throughout the summer.

AIDS education workshop aimed at fear, misinformation

By CHERY LORRAINE News Editor

"You can't get AIDS from shaking hands, kissing, eating in restaurants or using public toilets," said posters for Saturday's workshop on AIDS sponsored by the UNO School of Social Work, Student Development Services and Student Health.

Yet AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) is "the world's worst medical problem of this century" according to Sunny Andrews, co-coordinator of the workshop and professor of social work at UNO. Education about the disease is the "best defense" available to combat the "epidemic," Andrews said.

"I've heard a lot of people say 'I've heard enough about AIDS," said Dot Danigole, a graduate student in the school of social work who also helped organize the workshop. "But all of this information will continue and should continue as long as we have an epidemic," she said.

Since AIDS was first detected in the United States in 1980, over 33,000 cases have been reported, Danigole said. Projections by researchers at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta state that the number of cases will more than double by 1991, and a growing percentage of these cases will develop in the Midwest, she said.

Saturday's workshop included a showing of the video tape "Beyond Fear" provided by the Red Cross, a question and answer session and a panel presentation. Panelists were Brian James, AIDS program coordinator for the State of Nebraska, Elaine Blair, supervisor of Health Education for the Douglas County Health Department; and Mike Fitzpatrick, a marriage and family therapist for the Family Service Agency.

Ginny Wagnor of the Lutheran Ministerial Alliance was also available to help answer questions.

Participants completed a set of two identical questionnaires: one before the film was viewed and the other after the question and answer session. Information from the questionnaires will be compiled for a study by Danigole, who designed the forms so they could be completed anonymously.

"The purpose of the study is to assess knowledge and attitudes of people regarding AIDS," Danigole said. "They (the participants) complete the form twice because the purpose of the study is also to provide us with an understanding of the true facts of what people actually know about AIDS," she said. The second form was completed "just to see what people could absorb. What did they learn?"

The workshop will be provided and the questionnaires administered again in late July at a yet undetermined location in "the black community." Danigole said.

"That is specifically because statistics are showing today that AIDS is on the increase in black and Hispanic communities," Danigole said. "We don't really know why. Could it be that people in these areas are less educated about the disease, or maybe that information provided through the media is aimed at the white community?

"Specifically, these statistics are showing that black mothers are giving birth to a higher percentage of babies with AIDS than are white mothers," Danigole said.

Panelists at the workshop said that AIDS ednication is needed in all areas of society, including work places, public schools, and family settings. Even the medical professional community "needs information," Andrews said.

Pickle card sales still 'too early' to predict

By MARK ELLIOTT Senior Reporter

It's still too early to tell how pickle cards are selling, but the idea seems to be catching hold, according to Mark Zach, UNO's selling agent.

Since May 18, the first day cards went on sale, four new locations have agreed to sell the UNO pickles.

In addition to each of the four locations of the Central Park Pharmacy which sold the cards in the beginning, the Brookhill Country Club, Jack's Hairstyling, Roger's Food Mart and Noah's are selling the cards. Zach said the 7-11 at 7928 Dodge St. has applied for a license to sell the cards.

Pickles are gambling cards that have pull-up slots which conceal slot-machine-like symbols. Any prizes are awarded instantly. Although the cards have not been selling as fast as everyone had hoped, they are not selling slower than what was expected.

"We're in the very, very basement stage. It's like anything else. It's slow. But I guarantee it will work," Zach said.

Athletic Director Bobby Thompson agreed. "We're dealing with an unknown. In one year or six months, I might be able to tell (how the cards are selling). We know they're moving. How fast, I don't know."

Zach said that none of the selling spots have needed to reorder. There are 3,600 in every box, he said, and each selling location starts with one box.

The Maverick Boosters Club is the legal pickle seller. The booster club is a non-profit, private organization which has existed since the mid-1970s, Thompson said. UNO cannot legally sell the cards under Nebraska state law.

UNO's master plan calls for the \$1 pickle cards to generate at least \$50,000 each year for the athletic department, said Gary Anderson, sports information director.

Anything more than \$50,000 generated would be placed into

an endowment fund which could, at some point in time, provide \$250,000 annually for UNO's men's and women's athletic pro-

grams.

"The pickle cards would allow us to be self-supportive," Anderson said.

The UNO athletic budget has been sliced nearly in half over the past two years. The Legislature has withdrawn \$500,000 in state funds from a total budget of \$1.3 million.

"We made up some of that through student fees, gifts and all kinds of fund raisers. The pickle cards are just another tool to raise money," Anderson said.

"The idea of these is to make up some lost dollars," he said.

According to Zach, 72 percent or almost \$2,600 of the gross income from a box of cards would be returned to the public as

See Pickles (continued on page 3)

Fire flares in campus dumpster, cause unknown

The contents of a garbage bin caught fire Monday morning on the east side of the UNO Student Center. Omaha firefighters responded to a 10:41 a.m. call from UNO Security requesting assistance.

The cause of the fire, which was under control by 11 a.m., was unknown, according to university officials. Omaha fire-fighter Bob Vacek said he is officially unsure what started the fire, but "my guess is it was a carelessly discarded cigarette," he said.

Al Karle, acting director of the Student Center, said there was no damage as a result of the fire. Smoke had entered the Student Center, probably through large fresh air intakes located near the east loading dock, and remained in the build-

ing for about two hours, Karle said.

Greg Wagner, a UNO Bookstore receiving clerk, said he remembered "a lot of people running back and forth from the dock and someone shouting, 'fire,'" Wagner said he and several other UNO Bookstore and Food Service employees proceeded to "beat the flames down" until help arrived, emptying five fire extinguishers in the process.

A small crowd of students watched as firefighters then tossed smoldering boxes, papers and tree-limbs onto the nearby pavement in order to isolate and extinguish the remaining cinders, Wagner said.

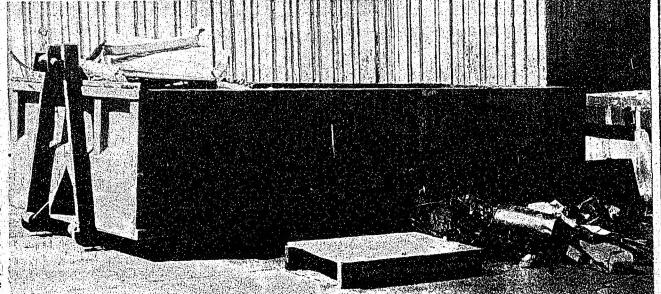


Photo by John Maxwell

Comment

Time bomb ticking away

Dangerous situation on Dodge forecasts tragedy

Listen. You can hear it. It's the time bomb ticking on Dodge Street.

Friday night, east-bound on Dodge before 90th. Minutes earlier I had gotten out of an 8:30 show and was on my way home casually driving in my dirty 4-door Escort, windows rolled down, radio on, reminiscing a plot twist or conversation that had occurred earlier that

There was nothing on the FM stations worth listening to at that moment, so I switched the modulator to AM and listened to one of those all-news stations on the right-hand side of the dial. In faded a news item, brief and to the point that went something like this:

'Council Bluffs police have begun to crack down on the youth congregating on Broadway on weekend nights. Authorities say the city curfew, which specifies children under the age of 17 be off the streets after midnight, will once again be enforced as part of an effort to prevent them from cruising on and parking along the street. The action comes after last year's murder of a young Council Bluffs man involved in a fight along the strip . . .'

And as I went over the hill just west of 90th street, I had to laugh. For down below, in the valley of Dodge, lay an 18 block trek alive with kids and cars and police officers. Not just a few kids; hundreds and hundreds of them, driving up and down the street trying to have a good time on a Friday night. It was 11 p.m. Parents,

do you know where your kids are?

I edged down the street. Traffic was moving much slower now with the addition of the multitudes. The kids were everywhere, parked along either side of the street sitting on their cars or in lawnchairs, egging on the motorheads to drop the clutch and smoke 'em.

Some kid on a Kawasaki Ninja motorcycle pulled his bike up next to me in the lane to my right. He was a young kid, probably just pushing

Tim McMahan

Gateway Columnist

the edge of 17, dressed in cutoff shorts, tennis shoes and a Nike Tee-shirt with the sleeves ripped off. He checked his hair in the mirror and waited for the light to change. A group of girls sitting on the hood of a Mustang parked in front of an oriental restaurant saw the boy and immediately started screaming and waving their arms. "Stomp on it," they yelled, and as the light turned green the boy did just that, pulling his front wheel off the ground and riding a wheelie for 10 feet before he darted off to the next stoplight and checked his hair.

A car load of guys in a midnight-blue Camaro edged alongside of me next. Not seeing any prey, they sped up to a late model Buick festooned with Shriner bumper stickers. Inside, two older couples sat quietly, probably having just finished a nice quiet meal in a restaurant somewhere, enjoying a leisurely drive home.

The kids yelled at them as they drove up to a stoplight. Next, a head popped out of the Camaro, and it was screaming something fiercely. The people stared ahead and waited. When the light finally turned green, the Camaro continued to drive alongside the Buick as the kids kept hasseling the people. Suddenly, out popped one of the kids, hanging halfway from an open window, flipping the bird with both hands, yelling obscenities at the top of his lungs as the Camaro sped off down another street.

I drove next to the Buick and glanced inside. The people looked visibly shaken, and why not? They'd just been verbally assaulted by a carload of strangers.

So what's the point of this week's column? Eventually something tragic is going to happen on Dodge Street and there's nothing the police can do to stop it. There's no curfew in Omaha, so the cruising goes on all night. A spokesman from the police department told me there are 10 officers assigned to cruise Dodge on weekends until 3 a.m. He said the businesses along the street are furious about the situation, but because the parking lots are quasi-public domain, they can't prevent the kids from parking there.

The scene is reminiscent of Broadway in Council Bluffs last year. After a young man died, the police went into action to stop it.

According to a patrolman for the Council Bluffs police, the situation is dangerous on Dodge. "You get that many kids together in that small an area every weekend and someone's going to get hurt. It's like a time bomb ready to go off," he said.

On the other hand, the kids I know who cruise Dodge say that it's just something to do. If the street is kept clear, they'll just end up congregating somewhere else.

So what's the answer?

I think it lies with the parents. A curfew would be unfair because it would punish all the kids including those who don't hang around on Dodge Street. Most kids never get home before midnight. I didn't get home before midnight when I was their age, and I certainly wouldn't want to be required by law to do so.

The parents are going to have to wake up to the fact that Dodge Street isn't a playground. It would be a shame for it to take a death to realize this.

Meanwhile, the kids still own the streets. The Kawasaki pulls another wheelie and the guys in the Camaro search for another unsuspecting victim.

And the time bomb keeps right on ticking.

Juicy romance stories' missing from history class

In a political discussion at a cocktail party the other evening, this actual human being collegiate person - white, female, aged 20, cute, good grades, according to her parents — said within my hearing, "What was the name of that president of the United States who was in a wheelchair?"

Her question was the highlight of the party, which largely consisted of grownups, nearly all of whom had heard of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

No, I don't know what the world is coming to, either. I don't honestly know how it's possible for an actual human being person to get all the way through high school, any high school, anywhere, or into a college, any college, anywhere, without being better acquainted with FDR.

Here is Roosevelt, our only four-term president, the president who nurtured us through the Depression and saw us through most of World War II, surely one of the two or three greatest presidents in our history — but who was that guy in the wheel-

What does her innocent question tell us? I've been trying to decide.

Does it tell us the young lady is an idiot? She isn't. She's enrolled at a fine university, she's doing quite well, she will graduate and program somebody's computer someday.

Does it tell us her high school history teachers should be fired, stripped naked, and run through the streets so that people can beat them with bamboo poles?

Pretty much, I think.

The poor child obviously was made to detest history and got through the dismal drudgery of it as best she could.

My own theory of teaching history is that one juicy story about a backstairs romance at the White House is worth more than all the economic theories you cram onto one cheat sheet.

The young lady helped us invent a game-that night at the cocktail party, however. It's a game called Guess That President, and it works like this:

Who was that president who liked black people? You know,

death? I remember my granddad saying he wouldn't be happy until everybody in the country was hungry. He did something to Wall Street and everybody jumped off a building or something.

Who was that president that beat up Robert E. Lee one day? Cold-cocked him right there int-he parking lot in that Holiday Inn in Virginia. Kind of fat? Drank a lot? Always wore blue?

Who was that president that played touch football and had all those brothers and everybody thought the family was going to be president for the next 40 or 50 years? Something happened to him in Dallas one day, I forget exactly what, but he stopped being president and they elected this guy with a scar on his belly. It'll come to me.

Who was that president who kept saying he wasn't a crook? And all of his friends kept going to jail?

Who was that president that kept falling down all the time? Who was that president that ate peanuts? Had that scary little daughter and goofy brother?

Who was that president in the 80's - the guy who kept worrying about his place in history? Never said anything but, "There you go again." He had this wife who fired people. Sold arms to terrorists, carried on illegal wars, let the country run itself his last two or three years in office, probably should have been impeached, but nobody cared? You know who I mean.

Yeah, that's him — the guy who couldn't remember he was the president.

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How do your preparations for summer school differ from those for the

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Dan Jenkins

Dallas Times Herald

the one with the beard? He was kind of tall. I think he went to the theater one night and tried to smoke in a no-smoking section and this guy had a gun and got mad and — oh, come on, you know who I'm talking about.

Who was that president — little guy, gray hair — who went around hanging his picture in all the classrooms? You know, the guy who hired that phony PR person to go around telling everyone he never told a lie? I'll get it in a minute.

Who was that president that wanted everybody to starve to

Viewfinder



Erica Johnson, junior College of Arts and Sciences, "I prepare to work harder, Everything happens at a quicker pace. Professors try to cover the same amount of material in a much shorter period of time."



Antonia Drew-Lampley, sophomore College of Public Affairs and Community Service I just make sure I'm ready to study from the first day of class. In the

summer, everything is rush, rush,

Control of the contro

rush.

Dr. Bruce Johansen, tween summer school and the reg- eling. The regular semester is the teachers tend to go a little easier on ular semester is like the difference -time to study."

between a gentle spring shower and a thunderstorm. Summer school is the thunderstorm.

the thunderstorm."



Chongning Lin,



Brent Passer. Chongning Lin;

Communication professor, transfer student from China graduate student

College of Arts and Sciences "If's more difficult to prepare for College of Arts and Sciences

"I prepare to compress the material summer school, because summer is "I don't think you have to study as

I need to teach. The difference best the time for vacationing and trave much in summer school because the

type of the prepare to compress the material summer school and the region of the prepare to the transfer stands are likely as the transfer to the professor of the prepare to the pre

'Insurance policies don't cover emotional blows'

Summertime and the livin' is... too damn hot for this time of year. The birds are walking. You think I'm kidding? I didn't believe it either. But a friend told me it has something to do with air pressure and the ability to dissipate body heat. I started watching the skies. Believe me, between the hours of noon and sundown, the birds are walking.

Tammy's asked me to write a summer column because she thinks I'm opinionated. I've been called worse names than that, so I agreed to crank something out every week. I can't promise that I'll always have such enlightening tidbits as the one above, but I ought to be able to come up with something.

Why be modest? I love doing this. I don't know a journalist half-dead or alive who doesn't like to see his or her words in print and be read dutifully by thousands each week. (Power of

I'm almost 35, and here I am finally doing what I've always wanted to do. I don't give a damn that it's a college summer-session paper. It has its moments. It's a start.

For those of you who are reading the Gateway for the first time, this paper is a hands-on learning experience for journalism students here at the university. All of you old faithful readers can attest to that. (Big Max lurks in the not-so-distant past.) We go through plenty of trial-and-error around here.

I've been attending night classes since the middle of May. I drive down to the university from my home outside Tekamah. The little town where they didn't film "Amerika." I figure by the time I complete my nine hours of classes this summer, I'll have an additional 3,000 miles on my car. If my car stays in one piece.

Somebody stole my grille a few weeks ago. I left the car in the lot west of the Field House for six hours. When I returned, the front end

Beverly J. Lydick

Gateway Columnist

looked like a hockey player's grin. I looked and looked again. It was definitely my car - with a gaping hole where the left half of the grille had been that morning.

There was nothing I could do but report it to Campus Security and drive it home. I talked to my insurance agent and the the local body shop. That was a few weeks ago.

I've got a new grille... and a new suspicion about my fellow man.

That's the problem with theft and vandalism. You can usually replace, at least financially, what's been stolen or destroyed. But you can't get a policy to cover how you feel.

Ask someone who's been mugged, raped, or lost a friend or family member to violent crime. Prudential doesn't have a piece of the rock to ward off the emotional blows that come with crime.

I don't think much about my stolen grille anymore. But I notice cars like mine, and I really check them out. It's a tremendous waste of energy. I resent it.

But at least I'm not walking. Watch out for the birds, will you? See you next week.

Columnist experiences 'jolly Olde England' at Faire

"Ladies, have you been to church today? This being Sunday we have a special offer for ye. If your confession's been a little dull lately, we'll spice it up!'

Thus offered the lecherous rogue at the entrance to the Renaissance Faire.

"Ah, leaving us so soon?" he inquired of a pudgy woman in lavender slacks. "Allow me, my lady," he said, kneeling gracefully to kiss her hand. "Treasure that, my sweet. Place it between two pages. And if you have none at home, we have two ready to volunteer."

For a the lowly entrance fee (\$3.50 for adults, \$2 for children 6 to 12, younger free), visitors to the campus of Iowa Western Community College this past weekend enjoyed a lively, although scorchingly hot, afternoon in jolly Olde England.

With a red face and burnt shoulders (despite the protection of my big hat), I marvaled at the energy and spirit of the en-

Patti Dale

Gateway Columnist

tertainers clad in the heavy regalia of 15th century England.

Swaddled within an inch of their lives by long skirts and constrained bodices, the ladies danced and smiled. Their partners' minced steps and haughtly demeanor defied the sweat that stained their shirts and filled their boots.

Fun for all and fal-de-ral shouted the minstrels touring the grounds. The notes of a hammered dulcimer twanged sweetly across the glade.

Near the Merchant's Market, the executioner offered "free shade." Since business was slack, the executioner clamped people whose looks struck him as peculiar into stocks. No use asserting innocence, the man in black would pour water on your

Midst the throng that filled the crafts market, filthy boys hawked "rats for your supper."

A disoriented chimpunk dodged among the wayfarers. Unaccustomed to the traffic, tents and noise, the little wild one frenziedly searched for his home.

"Oh! Help! Get away from me!" women began to scream. From the tumult emerged the lech from the entrance gate. He led with a chain a character called "Smudge." The foul and dirty Smudge kissed full on the lips women that refused to give him coins. None refused, but a few were kissed anyway.

No gallant gentlemen deigned to save fair ladies for the men were engaged "in more important stuff." Seasoned fighting men challenged those new to the arts of manhood to test a quarter staff or try their hand with a great sword and battle ax.

With rapiers and daggers, the Renagades, a group which trav-



els around the country demonstrating medieval weaponry, reenacted famous duels. Although the duke who flitted hither and yon among the audience judiciously poured witty criticisms upon the participants, no blood was drawn. Like the proverbial live dog who is better than the dead lion, The Renegades live to fight another day through careful strategy (some call it chore-

Contrarily, the Canterbury Whimsicals murdered Chaucer's "The Miller's Tale." This group of adolescent performers meant

well, but unfortunately, when good intentions constitute the substance of a stage production, the show hits one like a "peasant patty" (fried pork burger).

Not that I mean to criticize the food. Varied and reasonably priced, the Renaissance fare was downright good. Turkey drumsticks, Bratwurst and Polish sausages, funnel cakes, herbal water and non-alcoholic ale made a welcome change of pace in the

Jousting, though, proved to be the real crowd pleaser. The Knightly Service Jousting Club fought for the glory of the king and queen. Knights wearing the costumes of different nations shared one tradition-honor or death! In armor and mail, they clanged away under the ferocious sun.

The players as well as the audience proved good sports. Appreciative cheers and applause supported those who worked so hard to make the Faire a success.

Hundreds of volunteers staff the booths and operate the games. The Bluffs Arts Council happily accepts volunteers from the community who enjoy donning costumes and semi-English

Like many in the crowd of visitors, I would have gladly volunteered to be the wench poised above the dunking pool. She seemed to hold the office for life, however.

So I wandered down to the Royal Falconer's and stared at the mystical eagle for a while. The bird fell asleep.

Next I stopped to listen to 600-year-old Baba Yaga. The ref-

erences in her contemporary fairy tales eluded me. Guess I don't watch enough cartoons.

Maybe I looked as if I needed help. A nice old lady hit me up for a farthing for my own personal insult. "All thy brains but-tered would not fill two spoonfuls." She said I can use this insult any time I want.

Wondering if the sun was beginning to affect me, I sought reassurance in the fortune teller's tent.

"Take the pack of cards in your hands. If it does not feel right to you, cut the cards until you like the way they feel. Divide the cards into three stacks."

The Tarot cards felt heavy and stiff. I shuffled and the deck seemed to lighten.

The fleshy woman in the black and maroon gown with feathers in her hair gathered my neat little stack. She spread the cards in three crescent-shaped rows.

"There's definitely something out of sync here," she said. You need to stop living in the past."

She was right. I went home to air conditioning.

The Gateway

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Letters to the editor must be signed, but those with noms de plume may be accepted. All letters should include appropriate identification, address, and telephone number. [Address and telephone number will not be published.] Letters critical of individ-uals must be signed by using the first and last name, or initials and last name. Preference is given to typed letters. All corre-

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Letters exceeding two (2) typewritten pages will be considered editorial commentary, and are subject to the above criteria.

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ickle cards

(continued from page 1)

Of the remaining \$1,000, Thompson said, \$360 is used to pay expenses, \$275 goes to the selling establishment and \$365 goes to the charity. UNO would have to sell nearly 494,000 cards in order to raise \$50,000.

Thompson said UNO has ordered pickle cards which have the UNO logo on them, but they are not expected to arrive until

The UNO cards would return 80 percent of the gross income back to the public in winnings. Thompson said. The top prize

Thompson said he still remains optimistic about the future of the cards. He said he expected a slow beginning.

"We're not trying to knock a home run right out of the starting gate," he said.

Letters

'Weekend speedway'

West Dodge Road between 78th and 90th streets is getting a bad name. It's becoming a weekend speedway, with revvedup cars, trucks and cycles disturbing the peace from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. With warm weather and school vacation here, a bad situation is going to get worse, and the noise assault is going to continue from Sunday to Sunday, unless there is a very severe crackdown.

There are already ordinances against noise, pollution and speeding, but they are no good unless enforced. Similarly, there are laws against littering, being a minor-in-possession, and urinating in public, but they too are no good unless

Recently, someone shot out a window in our car as it sat in our driveway. If a person had been in the car at the time,

there is no doubt that the pellet would have hit that person in the head. That was not just a prank; it was a criminal act.
We, and our neighbors, have witnessed both sexes relieving

themselves of their beer in our yards, driveways, beside public streets and in parking lots.

Yelling contests go on all night, with adolescent voices screeching and screaming and shouting obscenities.

Bottles and beer cans are strewn along West Dodge Road, and in the parking lots of merchants. The drunken, speeding litterers should be made by the court to pick up every vestige of litter along Dodge and the feeder streets until they cannot bend over any more.

West Dodge Road is a thoroughfare for traffic; not a speedway, nor an amusement center. There must be stern action taken by our city government soon, before a tragedy occurs; and it will occur if nothing is done.

Sincerely, West Dodge Taxpayer

Camps help train youngsters in various sports

By MARK GREGORY Contributing Writer

UNO is hosting several sports camps for area students this summer to help them improve their athletic skills. The camps will include sessions on such topics as technique, nutrition and

Basketball camps for boys, conducted by UNO basketball Coach Bob Hanson, will be held July 6 through 10 and 13 through 17 from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. The two sessions are open to boys grades three through 12. The fee is \$85, and UNO Assistant Coaches Mike Brewen and Rodney Watson will act as camp assistants.

Sports camps for girls and boys will include basketball clinics June 22 through 26 from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. for \$75, a volleyball camp July 20 through 24 and 27 through 31 from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. for \$85 and a judo camp June

27 from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. for \$15. Cheri Mankenberg, UNO women's basketball coach, and Assistant Coach Linda Mills will conduct the basketball camp for girls grades five through 12.

UNO volleyball Coach Janice Kruger will direct the volleyball camp, open to girls and boys grades five through 12, and Mike Denney, UNO

wrestling coach, will conduct the judo camp which is open to anyone.

The wrestling clinic, which concludes today, was conducted by Denney, Assistant Coach Paul Jones and former UNO All-Americans R. J. Nebe, Brad Hildebrandt and Jeff Randall. The activities included warm-ups, technique refinement, swimming, live matches and watching

According to Denney, all of the activities will

help improve a wrestler's ability.

"Just lifting weights won't make you a champion, but lifting weights, eating properly, working on techniques and good sleeping habits will help," he said.

About 45 students participated this year, down slightly from last year, but Denney said he could handle 200 boys if he had to.

At the end of the week, the boys were placed in weight and age classes and competed in a tournament for awards. "By the end of the week we want to make sure they remember all of the things we showed them," he said.

Denney is in his ninth year as the director of the wrestling camp at UNO, a camp that was originally started by former UNO wrestling Coach Mike Palmisano.

The proceeds from the T-shirts fees will cover rental of the Field House, clinicians salaries, and the Maverick Club.

"With the extra money, we've done things like help pay for our banquets and help send wrestlers to regional and national tournaments," Denney said.

At the other end of the Field House gym, UNO baseball Coach Bob Gates and Assistant Coach Ray Wood concluded their second week of baseball camp today.

Gates said 30 students participated the first week, but only 12 participated the second. He said he likes to get about 24 boys for each session, but doesn't get a lot of participants because of the number of kids currently playing summer baseball.

The sessions included learning all of the positions on a team, fielding and hitting, and also covered special situations such as working on



UNO wrestler R. J. Nebe (far right) demonstrates wrestling techniques.

double plays, stealing, wild pitches, bunting and how to cover a base. Gates worked with the fielding exercises, and Wood concentrated on the hitting. Covering all of the positions and reviewing fundamentals were the goals of the clinic, Gates said.

The last hour of every day, the boys competed in games outside the UNO field, with Gates pitching and the students playing the

"We keep score just like a real game," Gates said. "We make them hustle and make them realize what they're going to have to do eventually." The fee for the clinic was \$50 per person.

Students interested in enrolling in any of the upcoming camps may obtain an application at the UNO athletic department, or call to have an application mailed. For boys' camps call 554-2305; for girls', 554-2300.

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Condoms to be sold on campus

By JOSEPH HALL Staff Reporter

UNO Health Services will begin selling condoms before the fall semester, according to Joe Davis, assistant vice-chancellor for Student Activities not young tian out in enough to old on. The UNO Health Advisory Committee rec-

ommended to Davis May 12 that condoms be made available to the UNO community as a means of promoting AIDS education, Davis said. Printed information about "safe sex" will

be provided with every purchase, he said.
"Making condoms available to students falls within Health Services' responsibility to help educate students about sexually transmitted diseases," said Ruth Hanon, Health Services nurse and member of the Health Advisory Committee. "Last spring, at least five students came to the office requesting condoms or information about safe sex," she said.
"We aren't telling people what their values

should be. We're just looking at this (AIDS) as an epidemic, and one way of fighting an epidemic is with information," Hanon said.

The Health Advisory Committee also included Paul Cerio, an instructor at HPER and Rosalie Meiches, student publications manager.

Three students are to be appointed to the committee by the UNO Student Senate this fall. The committee was formed to make recommendations on health issues to Richard Hoover, vice-chancellor for Educational and Student

Services. Student Senator Don Carlson, a member of the Student Government sub-committee on AIDS education, said he thinks providing condoms at the Health Services office is a good

"Students who want to use condoms would find getting them from Health Services less embarrassing" than buying them from a drug store, Carlson said.

Davis said he does not anticipate objections from parents of UNO students or other members of the Omaha community. He has received many inquiries about how the university was planning to respond to the AIDS issue, he said.

"Most of the people I talked to want the university to do more. This spring we have had an "AIDS Awareness Day" on campus. Last Saturday, the School of Social Work sponsored an AIDS workshop. Providing educational literature with condoms is just one more example of the university trying to do more to fight the spread of AIDS," Davis said.

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Preview

UNO actors to put on masks in 'Taming of Shrew'

By JUDITH BIEKER Contributing Writer

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story contains opinions of the author.

I made the mistake of asking some actors what it was they liked about performing Shakespeare.

Silence.

"Well," one of them replied tenuously, "I suppose there are a number of standard answers."

More silence.

"There's the heightened language," another volunteered.

"Very stylized," mumbled another.

They looked uneasily at their watches, decided there were only a few minutes left in the break, and excused themselves, one at a time.

Clearly, I was at fault here: Only a scholar could be excited about a playwright's name and the exquisite puns so carefully placed in the meter. I had forgotten the first tenet of all fiction-writing and, by extension, play-writing, which is that a work is successful not because of iambic pentameter and clever plots, but because of the characters in it.

Actors and audiences are interested in the personalities of the roles on stage. Who cares that the names and the situations are as foreign and archaic as the Elizabethan language they speak? These are real people. Through the complexity of their characters woven into and around one another, the actors and the characters they assume give us a story.

"The Taming of the Shrew," an early Shakespearean classic, opens Thursday in Elmwood Park. It will be performed by the Nebraska Shakespeare Festival company of actors. The story is at least 400 years old (some scholars suggest it is based on a much older folk tale), yet it remains contemporary despite the conventions of 16th century England.

A rather well-to-do man, Baptista, has two daughters. Bianca, the younger, is demurring and sweet; Katharine, the older, is a shrew. Their father will not allow Bianca to marry (she has a number of suitors bidding for her hand)

until he can unload Katharine in marriage also. Enter Petruchio. He weds Katharine —

"Kate," as he often calls her — and launches a grand campaign to tame her rough behavior. He has succeeded, we find at the close of the play, when he asks for his Kate to join him, and she comes to his side immediately. Bianca, who has been likewise summoned by her husband, sends back the message, "I'm too busy fixing my hair. I'll come when I'm ready."

But it is not subserviance Petruchio has gained, nor is it independence Katharine has eschewed. They have, instead, won for each other mutual respect, unlike Bianca and her husband, whose marriage has been based on pretentions.

The play is about relationships, said Pam Carter, the actress who plays Kate. And according to Director Cindy Phaneuf, that's what acting is all about: the personal relationship of the self with the self and of the self through

the roles it plays every day in real life.

"The thing I love about theatre is that you do get to understand a lot about the different masks of yourself," Phaneuf said.

Earlier, she counseled UNO faculty member and fiction-writer Richard Duggin, a relative newcomer to the stage. Duggin, who plays Baptista, said of his character, "To me he's three different things suddenly. One thing in one scene, one thing in another. Now what I've got to find out is what he is in all of this."

"But remember how many Richards there are," Phaneuf tells him. "It's very interesting how we let people and let ourselves be all these different things. The problem is we want characters to be consistent. There's a line in an acting book, a whole chapter devoted to it, that says 'consistency is the death of good acting.' You've got to try things (with your character on stage)."

And they do try things. I watched them block

the scene in which Petruchio and Kate arrive at his home after a long and tiresome trip frought with mishaps. Petruchio has acted strangely ever since the wedding. (I won't describe Petruchio's appearance at his own wedding. Suffice it to say that, taking into account period differences, Herb Tarlek, of "WKRP in Cincinnati," had been one-upped.)

When addressing his wife, Petruchio has been sweet and gentle. However, when addressing his servants, he has been unreasonable to an extreme. He is angry that no water was brought to him immediately, then he is enraged at the servant who brings it. He screams for food, then complains violently that it is not cooked properly. He ignores Kate's protest that the servant was not at fault and that the meat was quite all right. Instead, he sends her off to bed, then returns to explain to the audience that this is his scheme to tame her.

I watch the actors with admiration as they orchestrate the chaos of this scene. Petruchio, played by Richard Marlatt, gracefully leads Kate to a seat of honor at the head of the dining table. He sits adjacent to her.

Kate puts a morsel of meat to her lips. "Shall we say grace?" Petruchio asks.

Of course. Kate puts down the food and bows her head. Petruchio murmurs a prayer.

When it sounds as though he has reached an "amen," Kate reaches for the food.

"And we thank three ..." Petruchio starts up again. Kate puts down the food and bows her head again.

"Good, good," says Phaneuf, and others assent with their laughter. "But not more than three times, or else it's not funny any more."

They run this again. Carter doesn't know when or how often Marlatt will stop and start the prayers. This time, he is watching her out of the corner of his eye. When his prayers slow, he watches her slowly reach for the food again. Calmly, he stops her action before she can complete it, and Carter, as Kate, looks just a bit embarrassed and very hungry.

"What I like about that kind of theatre," Pha-

CERCE SCHOOL SCHOOL

See Shakespeare (contined on page 8).

Shakespeare Festival opens June 25

"Shakespeare on the Green" debuts June 25 with a production of "The Taming of the Shrew" and continues the following week with "The Tempest."

The Nebraska Shakespeare Festival is a newly formed, non-profit professional performing theatre company composed of 13 core actors. It was developed with the support of the Nebraska Arts Council and operates in cooperation with Creighton University and UNO. Cindy Phaneuf, UNO dramatic arts professor, is serving as director of "The Taming of the Shrew," and Alan Klem of Creighton will direct "The Tempest." Janet Sussman, UNO's costume designer, is in charge of creating costumes for both productions.

The cast for the plays includes guest artist Matthew Posey, whose credits include the role of Eugene in the nationally released film, "Places in the Heart."

Managing director Steven J. Peters said he estimates that 12,000 people will attend the performances. People coming to the event are encouraged to bring lawnchairs and picnic fare, Peters said.

All performances, open to the public and free of charge, will take place on the 3.7-acre portion of Elmwood Park which juts into the southwest perimeter of the UNO campus. Parking is available on three sides of this section.

Park grounds open at 6 p.m. with jugglers, mimes and other Elizabethan performers. Performances begin at 8:30 p.m. "Shakespeare on the Green" will run

June 25 through July 12 under the following performance schedule:

"The Taming of the Shrew" — June 24

to 28, July 9 and 11.
"The Tempest" — July 2 to 5, July 10

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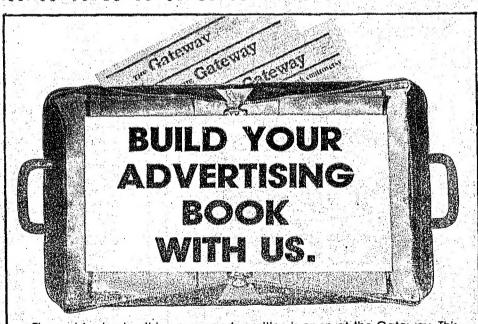
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More aggressive fundraising credited

Giving to higher education escalates, thanks to alums

College Press Service — Private contributions to higher education skyrocketed last year, an increase partly fueled by stagnant state funding of public colleges and universities.

And most of the money is coming from private pockets, not from corporations, the Council for Financial Aid to Education (CFAE) reported in May.

In 1985-86, colleges took in an estimated \$7.4 billion in contributions and gifts, a 17.1 percent gain over 1984-85, the New York-based Council found.

Alums gave \$1.83 billion of the total, a 25 percent jump over the previous year, and gifts from non-alum individuals rose 25.8 percent to \$1.78 billion.

Corporations, many saddled with sluggish profit outlooks, gave only 8 percent more after a 25 percent increase the prior

The figures indicate many public colleges, facing drastic state

budget slashes or spending freezes, are pursuing contributions more aggressively.

Traditionally, independent campuses have been the most aggressive fundraisers in academia.

"There's a really unprecedented increase in individual giving," said Paul R. Miller Jr., spokesman for the CFAE. "Without question, colleges are now going out to solicit funds. There's an increased commitment from college presidents on down to making schools' fund raising enterprise work harder.'

The University of Minnesota Foundation, for instance, last year embarked on a campaign to raise \$300 million in three years to fund endowed faculty chairs. In its first year, the drive raised \$250 million.

"Public colleges don't work their alums like private colleges do. And they should, because there's lots of market potential there.'

-Steve Roszell

"There's a much more aggressive posture among public institutions these days," said Steve Roszell, executive director of the UM Foundation. "Three years ago, no one in the Big Ten was running a major capital or endowment-building campaign. Now at least nine are in the midst of such a campaign or planning one."

Roszell says public colleges finally have discovered what private schools have known for years: alums can be prime donation sources, but they must be reminded to give.

"Public colleges don't work their alums like private colleges

do," he explains. "And they should, because there's lots of market potential there."

Unlike private schools, which have always relied heavily on alumni donations, "public colleges didn't used to keep track of their alums," Miller adds.

"Now they're keeping track of them. And what was, in the 1950s, a fairly small base of individual private donations, has shown one of the largest increases ever. The bulk of the gain in donations has been from individuals."

And colleges are approaching this big-bucks potential with lots of fire power, says another funding expert.

"There's been a tremendous explosion in telemarketing and mass mail solicitation of alumni," said John Miltner, vice chancellor for university advancement for California at Irvine and spokesman for the National Society for Fund Raising Experts.

'Universities are just realizing that 85 percent of all philanthropy is from individuals."

Miltner says even small community colleges are bolstering their development staffs to chase funding.

"They've identified this important source of money and are finding it's fairly flexible," he explained. "Resources from individuals can be applied to a college's priorities, but they can also be used as leverage with legislators and with other funding sources.

'Corporations just aren't making those big contributions any more, and schools must provide individuals with good reasons to want to contribute support."

Experts say the trend toward increased individual contributions will continue.

"For all the problems higher education has with public relations about increasing tuition and the quality and cost of education," Miller said, "the American people remain persuaded that education is a useful and charitable use for their contribution.'







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leftovers treasure 73 Cheese dish 24 Capri and 75 The "It" girl 115 Chianti 78 Results 26 Far East 119 79 Fish beverage 80 Strives 28 Spare 110 Native 81 Babylonian American crop 29 Some scholars god 30 Almost 112 Stew 82 Relative ingredient vertical 83 Invigorating 32 Measures 115 Pegasus 84 Invigorate 33 At all 116 Egg on 86 Singleton lead 117 Fly at bridge 35 Edinburgh 118 Old English 87 If not youngster money 88 Controversial

36 Beseech 37 Sandburg and subject Van Doren 89 Inventa 38 Moisten again 90 Decorous 39 Fat 91 Wind 40 Rain . direction: 43 Hunter's abbr. Christmas 92 Fancy dessert treat . 95 Rules upon 45 -- Diavolo

107 Joints

109 Game

108 Poe's detective

48 Letters 97 Author 49 Roman 28 Alluvial naturalist deposit 50 Vessels 99 Blanches 51 Fastener 101 Gazen 52 Quid pro quo dreamily for a mile 102 French fathers 53 Fawn 10t Tarbasek 106 Infirm

54 Small dramatic scene 56 Election night word 57 Touchstone

119 Children 120 Touched up 121 Went by 122 Clockmaker DOWN 1 Loos 96 Less adorned 2 Quarter in

Thomas, et al. Paris 3 Seal 4 Nathan, for 5 Boxer 6 Base 7 Posts 8 Base 9 Sawhuske

10 Temptress

11 Expire

25 Barnacles 27 Represent in relief 31 Stalemated 34 Fastens 35 Comie 36 Maine college town 37 Coffer 38 Attack 41 Montague 42 Sandwich

12 Northern

14 Golf shot

15 100 sen

16 Crests

17 Specks

18 Visible

19 Waves

23 Fly

13 Pasty

constellation

39 Skirt inserts 40 Egg-shaped component 43 Skirmish 44 Soup ingredient 45 Tapered loaf

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64 Deck 65 Notes 66 Rome's river 68 Ergo 70 Word in Broadway title 71 Adoree 72 Miseries 73 Bizarre 74 Grass genus 76 Speechify

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goddese

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Band gets 'good vibrations'

Beach Boys make waves at Rosenblatt

By DEANA VODICKA Copy Editor

Screams rose from the crowd of more than 10,000 as Mike Love, Carl Wilson, Al Jardine and Bruce Johnston slowly circled Rosenblatt field in convertible Corvettes Saturday.

The hand clapping and foot stomping grew louder as each band member disembarked from his car and ran onto the portable stage.

As Love sauntered out of his car, a man a few rows down, wearing a Hawaiian shirt, hat and shades, yelled wildly as he splashed a Miller down his friend's throat. "The Beach Boys are classics!" he cheered.

The "Celebration of Summer" was underway.

The evening had already started out well with the Omaha Royals beating Oklahoma City 13-7. And aside from a few blankfaced youngsters who stood aside while their parents gyrated unabashedly to the sounds of the '60s, the people were diehard Beach fans.

Love sounded a bit rusty on the opening song "California Girls," but the guys were helped out a bit with an additional 10-piece band and able to keep the harmonies surprisingly fresh sounding.

After sliding smoothly through such hits as "Wouldn't it be Nice," "Don't Worry Baby" and Wilson's much recorded "God Only Knows," Love announced that it was great to "be back in Omaha where the folks are sophisticated" and don't need to hear a song "as stupid as 'Little Deuce Coup' . . . You don't go to the Midwest unless you're prepared with your country music!" he yelled.

Amid boos and a shower of paper cups, the band, predictably, played a few chords of "Okie from Muskogee."

But for those poor souls who were "just out of it or who grew up in the '60s," Love and company obligingly began their

Review

medley of greatest hits including, of course, "Little Deuce

band slipped in such favorites as "California Dreamin","

Though some overzealous fans got a little carried away and stormed the field to run amok, the crowd mainly attended to revel in the sheer fun of beach music.

My notebook, however, did suffer an attack from a slightly frantic fan who wanted "to take notes, too." But after a short struggle of tug o' war, the shabby green pad was returned.

By the time the guys got around to playing "Good Vibrations,"

But the Beach Boys delivered what was expected of them: pure summertime celebration at its best. And whether the guys sound record-perfect or not these days, the fans were still able to enjoy the genuine, bask-in-the-sun-slip-on-the-Coppertone songs the band is known and loved for.

This Week

Friday 19th

- "Halsey Backpacking Trip," UNO Campus Recreation, June 19 to June 21, reservations required.
- "Rock and Roll High School," SPO movie, shown outdoors east of the CBA Building, 9:15 p.m.

Sunday 21st

- "Music in the Park," Ev Yates Big Little Band, Bill Wakefield, Central Park Mall, 6:30 p.m.
- "Father's Day Ice Cream Social," Fontenelle Forest Nature Center, 2 p.m.

Tuesday 23rd

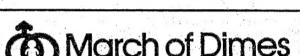
"Sounds of Spring Noon Concerts," Nuncio Pomidore (Dixieland), City/County Building, noon to 1 p.m.

Wednesday 24th

"Canoe Workshop," UNO Campus Recreation, Omaha Dam Site 20, 12:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Thursday 25th

- "Camera Naturalist Club," Fontenelle Forest Nature Center,
- "Frisbee Afternoon," Elmwood Park Main Pavillion, 1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

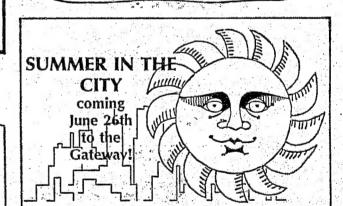








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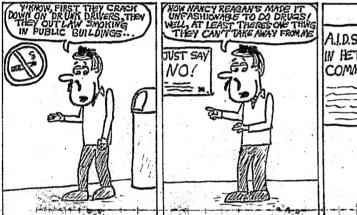


Coup.'

Probably in an effort to break up the long string of hits, the popular by The Mamas and the Papas, and "Wipeout."

"Barbara Ann" and "Surfin' USA," most of the crowd had foresaken their reserved spots to slink through the aisles and dance on the seats.

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'Untouchables' approaches classic Hitchcock level

By EDWARD TERKELSEN Staff Reviewer

I have followed director Brian DePalma's career with intense fascination, and I'm always curious to see what sort of gem he'll conjure up next.

Although his list of screen credits boasts an abundant sum of misfires, including "Wise Guys" and "Dressed to Kill," you must admit that the lad displays genuine talent and ingenuity in this otherwise gloomy period of corporate creativity.

Approaching each endeavor with his usual Hitchcockian flare, DePalma remains an una-

Review

bashed soul, unafraid to veer off into any direction. Whether it be a blood-soaked excursion into the seamy underbelly of quaint Americana or a mind-jumbling analysis of double identity, DePalma knows how to seduce, manipulate and ultimately run his audience ragged. No, I wouldn't say that he's graduated into the league of his mentor Alfred Hitchcock, but if his latest project, "The Untouchables," is any indication of the high quality work he may continue to crank out in the future, I daresay that he's rapidly ascending to such a rank.

"The Untouchables" is wonderful entertainment; a delightful throwback to the grand gangster epics of yesteryear. Not only does it offer a phenomenal recreation of the 1930s, but it is also smartly crafted and wickedly humorous throughout. That this big-budget romp through the grim anals of mobstermania would turn out to have an intelligent sense of humor about itself suprised me more than anything.

Many a bug-eyed Bijou-bouncer would expect a movie based upon the nasty doings of Al Capone to be an unsightly, blood-splattered item, but DePalma has a complete ball with this material, although there is still enough gore to sustain the dichard. The Untouchables ***1/2

Rating System

excellent

* poor ** fair *** good

The film basically focuses on the plight of Eliot Ness, the man responsible for carting Al Capone up the allegorical river.

Ness is portrayed by Kevin Costner, a performance guaranteed to garner recognition. As things get bloodier in Chicago, Ness forms a small band of "untouchables," a lovingly crafted assembly of colorful characters featuring Sean Connery, Charles Martin Smith and Andy Garcia. The troop figures out they can put the king of the underworld away for income tax evasion. Capone is, of course, played by Robert DeNiro, a performance which has "Oscar" written all over it.

It is a chilling, larger-than-life tour de force, and DeNiro obviously had lots of fun with it. The director had fun with it. I had fun with it. You'll have fun with it.

And if that doesn't convince you to go see it, let me tell you about DePalma's gleeful homage to the legendary Odessa Steps sequence from Sergei Eisenstein's film "Potemkin."

The moment involves a shoot-out between the untouchables and the Capone gang atop a flight of stairs in a lonely train station. The montage is shot in slow-motion, and during the ordeal, a baby carriage (with baby aboard) slowly topples down the steps. Okay, so this is a much too obvious send-off for such a revisionist production, but it is so delightfully staged and so brilliantly edited that you'll be willing to smile at it and then opt to quickly dismiss it for the business at hand. Occasionally, DePalma is much too blatant in his homages, often annihilating climaxes by unintentionally transforming his throwbacks into mindless parody. This time, however, it works.



Photo courtesy of Paramount Pictures

From left, Charles Martin Smith, Kevin Costner, Sean Connery and Andy Garcia are "the Untouchables."

'Taming of the Shrew'

Shakespeare

(continued from page 5)

neuf said, "is that at some point I want the mask to go away so you see the actor."

Phaneuf wants her actors to play their parts "close to the surface" of themselves. It's very challenging to risk oneself emotionally in this way. With this frame of mind, the rejection a character experiences is immediate and personal to the actor in the role.

"That's why I'm excited," Phaneuf explained. "People are using themselves. It's not in the sense that they are covering up themselves, but that they are an extension."

And so when Petruchio speaks to his wife, it is also Marlatt speaking to Carter. And when Katharine is prickled with shame by Baptista's disdain for her, it is Carter who is hurt by Duggin's unkind remarks.

"That's when it's exciting," Phaneuf said. "They are confronting each other."

It's this sort of acting that allows for the

complexity of character necessary for the audience to believe in its motivation. Consider, for instance, Kate's motivation for her hellish behavior. It has been obvious from the beginning of the play that she is not her father's favorite. When she is out with him in the public square, he even tells strangers of her foul disposition. One can believe that he has been insensitive to her for years and Kate, in defense, has assumed a mask of a shrew to shield herself from the pain. It is a paradox of personality encountered often by counselors and psychologists, quite real and very much believable.

There are other masks in "The Taming of the Shrew." Some, like Katharine's, are learned, and others, like Petruchio's, are assumed temporarily. Throughout the play, the personalities are engaged in a thick conflict of interests and identities that propel it to its final sollloguy and ultimate resolution.

I packed up my silly questions and went



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